

MONDAY EVENING, JULY 23.

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FIFTEEN—THAT IS ITS REGULAR AVERAGE BONA-FIDE DAILY CIRCULATION DURING THE FIRST SIX MONTHS OF THIS YEAR WAS 288,267 AND THAT THIS IS AT LEAST ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES PER DAY MORE THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER NEWSPAPER IN AMERICA.

SECOND—THAT THE REGULAR AVERAGE BONA-FIDE CIRCULATION OF THE SUN-DAY WORLD IS MORE THAN TWICE AND NEARLY THREE TIMES AS LARGE AS THAT OF THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER IN NEW YORK WHICH IN POINT OF ADVERTISING IS NEXT TO THE WORLD.

Third—NO REFUND!
ALL MONEY PAID FOR ADVERTISING, IF, UPON A PROPER TEST, THE ABOVE STATEMENT IS NOT VERIFIED.

Circulation Books Always Open.

MR. RANDALL.

The WORLD's exclusive news from Washington this morning that SAMUEL J. RANDALL is suffering from cancer in the stomach, and that the public career of this able, honest and courageous representative is undoubtedly ended, will be received with unaffected sorrow by men of all parties who admire the high attributes that Mr. RANDALL has displayed as a public servant.

Through a long and unblemished public career Mr. RANDALL has stood up for his party when he believed it right, and for his convictions when he believed his party wrong, with a fidelity and independence as valuable as they are rare.

It is not the least of his distinctions that Mr. RANDALL has remained relatively a poor man, through a long period of service at Washington, in which he has seen scores of his associates blossom out as millionaires on a salary of \$5,000.

POLICY-DEALING MUST STOP.

The arrest of another policy shop gambler, upon evidence obtained by EVENING WORLD reporters, will show this law-defying fraternity that the war against it is still on. Hostilities will continue until these pocket-picking devils are closed up.

They are not only swindling shops but nurseries of vice. Worse schools for gambling could not be devised. The State outlaws them. The EVENING WORLD proposes to help enforce the law.

The policy shops must shut down.

LET IT BE TESTED.

Major Downs, of the gallant Seventy-first Regiment, is entitled to the gratitude of the public for the stand he has taken to test the right of a corporation to make the public its servants.

He did not refuse to pay his fare. He simply declined to act as conductor for a corporation that is using a public thoroughfare for the accommodation of the people. For this he was arrested and held for four hours in a police station.

The plucky Major proposes to fight it out. Would there were more like him! Two-thirds of the impositions daily practised upon the public by its chartered servants are due to the fact that while everybody grumbles nobody fights.

Three cheers for the citizen soldier who is willing to fight for his rights! He will not lack for backing in such a contest.

Mr. ARTHUR BEACH, the winner of the gold double eagle in the Word-Building Contest, deserves to be congratulated. He presented an admirable list and has won the prize fairly. We confess that our sympathies were at the outset with some of the boy and girl competitors, who sent in many remarkably fine compilations, but sympathies cannot decide such a contest.

The organic *Tellurian* says of Judge THURMAN that "he might make a very fair grandfather for a candidate, but as a candidate himself he is little more than a reminiscence." This is extremely courteous in a journal whose own candidate for President is merely the reminiscence of a grandfather.

The home team will be "at home" again on the Polo Grounds this afternoon, in a set-to with the Bubs from the Hub. Their splendid record on the late trip ought to insure them a rousing welcome.

This time let us hope that there will not only be at Castle Garden an investigation that investigates, but a report that will report.

One Win Enough.

(From the *Newbern Herald*). A city young man who, while summering a week in the country, fell in love with a pretty dairymaid, proposed and was rejected, told his friends when he returned home that he got only one "milk shake" while he was away.

THE EAGLE WINNER.

Mr. Arthur Beach, of Brooklyn, the Champion Word-Builder.

His Carefully Prepared List After Correction Contained
1,485 Words.

Many Competitors Sent in More Words, But Their Lists Did Not Stand the Test—Some Most Excellent Competitions Submitted by the Girls and Boys—Dr. Beach's Scientific Method of Procedure—He Had Won in a Similar Contest Before—Our Congratulations to Him on His Victory, and to All Others for the Admirable Work Accomplished.

The Word-building Contest is over! The Victor is determined, and the Eagle has pointed his nose towards Brooklyn. He will spread his golden wings and fly to 390 Summer Avenue, where it will find rest in the pocket of Mr. Arthur Beach, who distanced all competitors with a list of 1,485 words, after all corrections had been made.

But the good will and prize-winning pluck of such a number of contestants was very fine. They will probably recognize in the printed winning list of Mr. Beach how the others were revised. A number of possible words were wanting, even in his list.

The attenuated Word-building Editor, with two or three thousand new words in his head and several pounds of meat off his bones, waited on Mr. Beach to acquaint him with the news and learn something about the way he compiled his list.

Mr. Beach received him in his study. He is a man of medium height, thirty-six years of age, of rather slender build, with a thick head of hair and dark blue eyes. He received the news without great surprise.

Perhaps the best paid woman writer in this country is Mrs. Southworth, who receives an income of \$7,000 a year from the New York *Ledo*. Mary E. Ryan, one of the new writers, from the South, has an income of \$6,000 a year in these depreciated bills.

In 1890 Henry Mogel, father of County Treasurer Mogel, of Reading, Pa., caught a tumor on his farm and cut into its back, the initials "H. M., 1890." It was not seen again until a few days ago when the County Treasurer discovered it alive and well not more than forty feet from where his father had found it seventy-eight years before.

While a game of baseball was in progress in Dallas, Tex., a few days ago, a player, in attempting to score, disappeared from sight as suddenly and as completely as if the earth had swallowed him up. He had broken through the ground into an old well, the existence of which had been forgotten, and was rescued standing up to his neck in icy water.

A Successful Way to Put It.
(From Harper's Bazaar.)

"No, Mr. Smith," she said, gently but firmly, "I can never be your wife."

Then he struggled to his feet, and said, in broken tones, "Are all my hopes to be thus dashed to pieces? Am I never to be known as the husband of the beautiful Mrs. Smith?"

"This was too much for the girl, and she succumbed.

At the Hotels.

Albert Haight, Judge of the New York Supreme Court, and his wife, Gertrude, of Louisville, Ky., and F. W. La Rue, of Cincinnati, are at the Alhambra.

At the Astor to-day are W. D. Oliver, of Waltham, Mass., and J. J. Magee, of Erie, Pa.

Daniel H. McMillan, of Buffalo, and A. Meade Smith, of Norfolk, Va., are staying at the Hotel Metropole.

Carey A. Wilson, of Mobile, and C. A. McLaughlin of Toronto, are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel to-day.

W. D. Weaver, Assistant Engineer, U. S. N. G. & T. L. of the Army, and A. D. Barr, of New Haven, Conn., are staying at the Hotel Metropole.

At the Stewart House are Gov. R. B. Biggs, of Delaware; James Frost, of Memphis, Tenn., and E. A. Aldrich, of Cincinnati.

St. James guest to-day includes Col. James E. Moore, of the U. S. Marine Corps, of Cleveland, and E. H. Bright, of New Orleans.

Gacy House hospitality is extended to Peter White, of Dublin, Ireland; Judge H. S. Prindiville, of Chicago, and D. G. Evans, of St. Louis.

George B. Gray, of Coldwater, Mich.; Harvey Childs, the iron manufacturer, of Pittsburgh; A. W. Robson, of Chicago, and R. H. Witterberger, of Mississippi, are recorded as staying at the Hotel Brunswick.

One of Many Letters.

(To the Editor of The Evening World.) I cannot but say that THE EVENING WORLD is a great paper. Not only it brings all the news sooner than any other evening paper in the city, but also it is very interesting in doing something extraordinary. For instance your enigmas, &c. To pass the evenings at home, they are not only interesting, but at the same time very instructive to young and old. I could sooner be without a meal than without your bright paper, THE EVENING WORLD. Take this from one who is not a flatterer. A. M. Lewis, 1407 Third Avenue.

[Inclosed was a correct answer to the newsboy's enigma.]

There Will Be More of Them.

(To the Editor of The Evening World.) I am with you in your work. I am sorry you gave up the trade-mark sketches. I was in no wise to blame from the textile workers, especially the Carpet Workers' Union. I am a factory lad myself. Have been in this city near three years. I worked for the Ten-Hour Law in Massachusetts till we got it.

WM. KERSHAW, 325 West Forty-second street.

Agreed with Her.

(From the *Bonkers Magazine*.) Mrs. Yeast—Do you buy your eggs at Short's counts?

Mrs. Bacon—Why, certainly; his eggs can't be beat.

Mrs. Yeast—I know it; that's the reason I don't think they're good.

Get What You Wanted.

(From the San Francisco Examiner.) Simpson—Do you know why Freckley went down to New Mexico?

Thompson—Said he wanted experience and excitement.

Simpson—Is he getting it, do you suppose?

Thompson—Isn't he, though? Married a widow with four children.

NERVOUSNESS in infants need not be feared when MORRILL'S TEETHING CORDIAL is used. Price 25c. *

From the *Advertiser*.

A city young man who, while summering a week in the country, fell in love with a pretty dairymaid, proposed and was rejected, told his friends when he returned home that he got only one "milk shake" while he was away.

Peter A. Lee, Jr., 519 W. 35th st.; "B. C."

Open to All.

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